ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"No Union with Slaveholders."

VOL. I. NEW-LISBON, OHIO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1845. NO. 6.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
At one dollar and fifty cents a year in advance, or two dollars if not paid within six months.

From the A. S Standard

Jonathan Walker.

I mentioned the arrival of this long-suffering man last week. He sailed on the Sunday after his arrival for Harwich, where he now doubtless is, once more restored to his wife and children, almost as one risen from the dead. His sufferings, during his imprisonment, have been extreme; more so, far, than has been known even to his family and friends, though some of the latter had suspected them, and supposed truly that their existence was voluntarily concealed by him, lest useless pain should be caused at home. When he was first captured, he was so ill with fever, as to be utterly incapable of moving, and in this condition he was thrown into prison; fortunate even in that, for the people were so exasperated against him, that they sought his life, and were intimidated only by the firmness and courage of the Sheriff, who was determined to defend him at every hazard. The prison into which he was thrown was without furniture. Even a bed was denied him. Unable to sit or stand, the only resting place allowed him was the hard floor. *Twenty pounds of iron chain* were bound upon his limbs—a useless burden, for he could not, if he would, have escaped. The food that was given him he could not eat; and thus his tormentors came near cheating themselves of a longer revenge, by killing the poor man speedily by their cruel inhumanity. It was not till the unassisted strength of his iron constitution had conquered the fever, that his condition was at all changed, by making a bed with his own hands, from such materials as he could procure, and by secret means purchasing food with a little money, which, not their cupidity, but their carelessness had spared.

He remained in irons till his first trial. The particulars of that are already known. It was then that he was branded, set in the public stocks, and besmeared with rotten eggs. I remember that the Sun of this city, the basest pro slavery print of the many at the North, that so love to lie in behalf of their tyrant Southern masters, said, when the news arrived of the branding of Walker, that this was a merely nominal punishment, hardly burning the skin. I did not doubt he lied, of course, and he did. On the palm of Jonathan Walker's right hand, in large raised letters of an inch and a half or two inches long, are these branded characters, S. S. He calls them the coat of arms of the United States. Abominable and wicked as this outrage was, it was done doubtless with some misgivings. The hard conscience of slaveholding law, could not but have been pressed upon somewhat, by the moral weight of mere humanity outside of, and above it. I will not believe that all the people in Pensacola could hold such punishment a righteous one. The brand had to be made for the occasion, and it was no easy task to get one made. The first blacksmith who was applied to, indignantly refused to do such work. "Brands," he said, "he could make, for cattle and hogs, but not for men." But they got one made at last. The shop of the blacksmith just named, was near the place of execution, and they asked to heat the iron in his forge, but even this too he denied to the Government of the United States, thinking perhaps that there could be but *one* fit forge—a very hot one if theologians speak truth—where the right heat for such a purpose could be found. But the Government ran with the brand to some other forge, and more compliant blacksmith, and it was heated. The hot iron hissed as it eat into the flesh of Jonathan Walker the deep mark which he will carry to the grave. Will the North remember those raised characters which the Union has burnt into a Northern hand? It is a fit *"signed and sealed,"* of the bond of our vassalage; and that the deed might be more complete, the chosen signer was a Northern man. He is the United States Marshal for the district, and his name is Ebenezer Dorr. He is a native of the State of Maine, perhaps of Kennebec, as he has a brother there, of the firm of Dorr & Severance, Publishers of the Kennebec Journal — This Mr. Severance, by the bye, is, if I am not mistaken, a whig member of Congress, and in these connecting links is a new and not uninteresting solution of the ever-recurring problem, of "What has the North to do with Slavery?" At the bidding of the Slave power, in a territory of the United States, a native of Maine presses hard upon the captive hand of a native of Massachusetts, the hot branding-iron till it hisses and splutters in the quivering and curling flesh, and warm blood! Oh! "Glorious Union!" The powers that watched the drawing of the bond sixty years ago, must have flown back to their own place shrieking with joy at this consummation, *"signed and sealed!" signed and sealed!!"* It needs their fostering care no longer.

It will be remembered that Walker was pelted with rotten eggs while in the stocks, and that the only cry of shame! was from a little boy. The offender against *good order* was, however, arrested, and was afterward tried, but in another county. He was found guilty, and condemned to pay the sum of *six and a quarter cents!*

In May, Capt. Walker was tried under the second batch of indictments, for "stealing" three slaves.—There had been a revulsion of public feeling in his favor, and although he was found guilty, the penalty under each indictment, was only $5 for each of the slaves. This and the costs of court were immediately paid from the money which, I mentioned a few weeks ago, was advanced by his friend, Capt. Small, of Harwich. He was then set at liberty, after a confinement of eleven months, nearly all of which time he was heavily ironed.

Jonathan Walker is an Abolitionist. Such he has always avowed himself to be at the South. He pleaded "not guilty" to the charges against him on his trial, because assisting a human being to escape from bondage, he did not hold to be stealing. He felt justified in the act he did, and said openly, while in jail, that he would do the same again under the same circumstances. He is preparing a work for the press which will give a succinct history of the whole transaction. We have in Frederick Douglass' book, life on a Southern plantation; a fitting companion to it will be a year of a freeman's life in a Southern prison.

Hard as his lot, and certain as their vengeance has been, there are still some mitigating circumstances. The conduct of individuals deserves to be mentioned with warm praise, would not their safety be thereby compromised. Should this ever meet their eyes, they may be sure that many a heart blesses them. Goodness and humanity may not be spoken of aloud, lest punishment follow. But for treachery and duplicity, we have no such fear, as but few only in such a case will even condemn it. Thomas M. Blunt, the counsel whom the Committee sent to Walker's aid, was within fifteen miles of Pensacola when the trial took place. He afterward called upon Walker with some paltry excuse, but said nothing of the $700 which had been paid him. There could not be a more aggravating case of betrayed trust, and no comment upon it is necessary. Is the Emancipator satisfied?

Many will ask, perhaps, as I did, what became of the slaves? They were returned to their masters. One of them was afterward imprisoned on a charge of theft, and fearing the dreadful punishment with which the vengeance of his master would visit him, and perhaps desperate with lost hope, he nearly severed his head from his body, and cut out his entrails, that he might at least be sure of liberty in death.

In closing, I would make another appeal to the friends everywhere to raise a couple of hundred dollars, necessary to remunerate Capt. Small for the money advanced for his friend. He cannot afford, and should not be allowed, to bear the burden alone. The $700 paid to Blunt would have more than paid all expenses, but that being lost, the balance must be had from some quarter. Will those of our friends who are "blessed in their basket and their store," remember this?—G.

Extract from Miss Webster's Narrative.

The reviling, swearing, and threats continued; mingled with heavy blows, and the cries, and groans, and prayers of the victim I advanced coolly, but resolutely to the window; and felt that I was facing an enemy on the field of battle. O, the horrors of that moment! Poor Israel, (the hackman,) was kneeling on the pavement pleading for his life. He was an old man, a true and faithful servant, an humble Christian, and had spent his life in unrequited toil; and now they told him he must die, unless he would admit that he himself had carried off the slaves. He begged for his life. Again and again he protested his innocence; and in the most touching appeals, called on heaven to witness the injustice of his punishment.

He was ordered with a loud voice to take off his shirt; and with every breath, almost this order was repeated; and each time accompanied with a violent lash over his head or face with a cowhide. Still he dared not take off his shirt. Poor man! He knew too well his skin would come off next. At length his master, standing by, seeing the relentless tyranny, and high toned fury of the whipper, seemed slightly moved; and speaking in a moderate tone, said "why, then don't you take off your shirt." At this he instantly obeyed, and the regular whipping commenced.

I resolved to count the blows, knowing that the extent of the law, did not exceed the infliction of thirty-nine lashes, even if the man were actually guilty of the crime alleged against him. The whipper said, the boy must have lied to him; adding that it was impossible for the slaves to escape without assistance; at the same time declaring with a solemn oath, that unless Israel would tell the truth and admit carrying off said negroes, at least the boy Lewis, he would tear his body in pieces and scatter it over the pavement. Israel begged for mercy; sometimes crying aloud to be delivered from the torturing lash; at others, his power of utterance seemed gone; and stifled sobs, alone were heard. But enough. The reality mocks my feeble effort to describe, and my heart recoils and sickens at the recollection.

None but eye witnesses to these deeds of darkness can realize the depth of cold blooded oppression.—With purpose fixed, I gazed in silence on the spectacle before me. My heart was riven, but my cheek was dry. This was no time for tears. Fifty lashes scored the old man's back; and all was darkness—I saw no more. My trembling limbs refused their weight, and I should have sunk to the floor; but raising my hands I grasped the iron bars and kept from falling. This motion drew the attention of some below, and they hastily cried out, "Stop! Stop!! Miss Webster is looking on! Take him out of sight!—Take him to the barn."

The order was obeyed and all was once more quiet. The jailer [Mr. Thomas B. Megown] now entered—angrily closed the window, and withdrew without speaking. Presently a crowd of gentleman came in, bringing with them my trunks, which they requested me to open. I proffered them the keys, which they refused. No one among them appeared willing to take the responsibility of the search. I placed the keys on one of the trunks and retired to my chair. At this, the jailor peremptorily told me to unlock my trunks, which I did, leaving the lids down. They then inquired if I had letters in my trunks; I answered in the affirmative, and told them which trunk they were in. I was requested to open it. But answered that it was not locked. They however did not seem satisfied and I raised the lids. But even this was not enough, and they asked me to take out every thing in them. This, however, I left for them to do. I pointed out to them my letter box, at the same time questioning their authority to examine its contents. Several however surrounded it, and began perusing the letters with a greediness truly amusing.

The search continued for a long time. Every box was opened, and every scrip of paper, however small, carefully examined by all who chose to read them.

All this was done, without even hinting to me the object of the search. When the trunks were exhausted, and the contents scattered over the room, not having found any thing [as they said] to serve their purpose, they next inquired, if these were all the papers in my possession? Being answered, they were "not a hundredth part of them," they requested the key of my room, which I gave them. They devoted some time to the examination of papers in my room—had finished—and were about leaving, after an unsuccessful search, as I was informed, when Mrs. Glass entered, and placed in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Coons, Methodist Minister, some papers which the commonwealth attempted to introduce on my trial; but which at my request, were examined by the Court, who excluded them pronouncing that they had "no bearing on the case."

Before noon, Israel was brought back from the barn and placed in the dungeon; and his persecutors, eager, to tell their success, rushed up stairs, saying, "Well, we've got it out of him! Rather than die, he at last come out and told it. We knew he would. And now Miss Webster, Israel says so and so, and if your statement should correspond with his, you will save Israel's life, and yourself from sixty years in the penitentiary! There is no hope for Fairbank, but no one wishes to imprison you. Neither do we wish you to stand a trial. It is in your power to clear yourself. You can do so as easily as you can turn your hand over; and then you will not be kept here an hour, but the doors will be opened, and you restored to your school. We are your friends, and unless you take our advice, there is no escape from sixty or eighty years in the penitentiary."

Filled with disgust and indignation, I responded, "Gentlemen, your threats and your promises, are alike unheeded. Though I smile with contempt on your proffered friendship, think not that these things move me. You have lacerated that old man's back, till he is ready to say yes or no, to suit your pleasure. And I wish you distinctly to understand, that whatever assertion he may make, I shall neither admit or deny. Thank God I am not a slave. I ask no pity. All I want, is the extreme justice of the law. And sooner will I suffer all the tortures of the inquisition, than degrade myself by asking mercy at your hands."

Ministers, Hounds, and Runaway Negroes.—The Home Missionary of the Alabama Association writing to the Alabama Baptist, on the subject of ministerial support, attributes the unwillingness of the people to support their preachers, in part to the teaching of the anti-missionary ministers. And he represents one of these riding through the county with a train of about twenty hounds, and with a brace of pistols, and a Bowie knife projecting out of his pocket, showing a handle which would make a bludgeon, as his informant told him, "large enough to kill the d——l, and thus fully armed and equipped, he makes his excursions, *hunting runaway negroes!!*"

The Missionary of the Alabama Association goes on to say:—"While it may be right and proper that some one should keep such dogs, and follow such a vocation, we think it does not fitly become the ambassadors of Christ. Let the churches then awake to the subject of *Ministerial support.*"

Think of this. The Alabama Association supports a Missionary who concedes that hounds ought to be kept, and men employed for the purpose of hunting runaway negroes. It is wrong for a minister to do it, because it is not his vocation, and the churches ought to support him so that he may not need it. I know not which most to be astonished at, the anti-missionary preacher who himself does such work, or the missionary who admits the propriety of the vocation in others than professional ministers. "O shame! where is thy blush?"—*Christian Politician.*

A Quaker Embassy.—Many of our readers are aware that there has been a severe discussion, and finally, a separation, in the Indiana yearly meeting of Friends, on account of Slavery and Abolition. A number of important members became quite zealous in favor of Abolition, while most of the official leaders were opposed to the movement. The division has created great anxiety among Friends, and particularly among those of the London Yearly Meeting; for, being themselves prominent and active Abolitionists, it could not but be grievous to see the ecclesiastical power of the society in this country employed to put down what they were so earnestly laboring to advance. And, on the other hand, they were reluctant to countenance what seemed to be a breach of religious order by the Abolition seceders.

This matter has been three or four years under agitation. At length the London Yearly Meeting have resolved to send a deputation of their wisest and best men to the United States, for the purpose of at once endeavoring to heal the division in Indiana, and of stirring up the minds of the body of Friends in this country to more direct and active efforts in the cause of emancipation.

Among the persons selected for this important mission, are Josiah Foster, formerly Clerk of the Yearly Meeting, William Foster, who was in this country twenty years ago, and who procurred the preparation of Judge Stroud's book on the law of slavery, and George Stacy, the present Clerk of the Yearly Meeting. These gentlemen are among the most eminent of the Society, and are all acting members of great weight in the London Anti Slavery Committee.—They have great weight with the leading statesmen of England, and this they preserve under all administrations, by their perfect sincerity and devotion.—*Boston Chronicle.*

American Slavery.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Richmond, in the course of a long letter, much of which is devoted to making apologies for slave holders, has the following:

"One of the worst features of the whole slave system, is the hiring of females to open prostitution; this is done, and that, too, in the religious cities of Richmond and Norfolk."

A Decision.—Some boys were indicted in Rush county, Indiana, not long since, for disturbing an abolition meeting, where a man named Hull was to make a speech. The jury acquitted them, on the ground that an abolition meeting was not a lawful assemblage, peaceably assembled for a lawful purpose.

☞The Cincinnati Gazette of August 21st, contains the following statements respecting the excitement in Lexington. We anxiously await further intelligence:—

Cassius M. Clay---The Excitement at Lexington.

The Senior Editor of the Louisville Journal writes from Lexington under date of the 15th, as follows:

During the whole forenoon of to-day the popular excitement was very high. Many anticipated that the meeting of 3 P. M., would tear down the office of the True American. Clay in anticipation of such at attempt, made his will, armed himself, and sent to his office (being too sick to sit up for any great length of time) a bed to be occupied by him during the day. At 3 P. M. I went to the Court house and found it full. Beverly Hicks was in the chair. Mr. Waters, in behalf of the committee, reported C. M. Clay's letter, and offered a long preamble and resolution which were read by T. F. Marshall and unanimously adopted. The preamble was a warm rejoinder to Clay's handbill. The resolution was that a mass meeting of the citizens of Lexington and Favette be held at the Court house, on Monday next, at 11 o'cl'k, A. M., for the adoption of such measures as may be deemed expedient. The adjournment was quiet.

The meeting of Monday will be tremendous.—What it will do I am of course unable to say. It may postpone ultimate action, but I think the almost universal impression is that it will resolve itself into a committee for the redress of grievances and demolish the "True American" office, though every body understands that the editor will have to be killed first, and that he is somewhat difficult to kill.

This is a most lamentable state of affairs. What effect the killing of C. M. Clay will have in the free States, in exasperating the Abolitionists and swelling their numbers, you can judge as well as I. A friend will give you an account of the doings of Monday.

Yours, P.

The Journal commenting on this letter says:

We cannot but hope that, notwithstanding the intense excitement which prevails, enough sober reason and common sense may be found to save this time-honored Commonwealth from the disgrace of mob-violence. Persecution never yet succeeded in its efforts to annihilate opinions; on the contrary, the history of mankind is full of instances proving that opinions never thrive so well and never produce such abundant fruits as when opposed by the tyranic power of kings, churches, and mobs. We sincerely hope that the lessons of the past will not be lost on our fellow-citizens of Lexington, and the meeting to be held this morning may resolve that it is inexpedient, at least, to resort to mob-law to put down what the law of the land sanctions, namely, freedom of press and speech. The law which secures to every slaveholder his property in his slaves is regarded by him as sacred; but it is not more sacred than that law which gives to every man the right to utter and publish any opinions he pleases in relation to slavery. The law is the only safeguard of slavery, and slave holders should not, by their example encourage others to trample on it.

In the evening impression of the Journal, containing news up to Monday morning, we find the following:

Cassius M. Clay has issued another handbill calculated to allay excitement. It defines his position clearly in regard to emancipation and indicates a disposition on the part of Mr. Clay to discuss the matter in future with due temperance. A compromise has no doubt been made, and a very acceptable one to the mobocrats.

The Louisville Democrat of Monday says:—A friend at Lexington enclosed us, yesterday, another handbill from Mr. C. M. Clay, dated on Saturday,